WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

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THE SAME OLD STORY.

Some dimsiest web that fiction weaves
She reads, he idly turned the leaves.
And so it happens that their hands
Touched now and then upon the sands.

Her shawl was fluttered by the breeze,
And both essayed the folds to seize,
And so it happened that their hands
Met once again upon the sands.

She did not mean it should be so,
But he forgot to let hers go,
And she forgot to claim her hand,
And thus they sat upon the sand.

The book was closed, the shawl blew wide,
And as they sat there side by side
They both agree to fast lock hands
And walk together o'er life's sands.

Some weeks passed by, and both again
Were seated by the sighing main:
Alas! he held another's hands,
Another's hers upon the sands.

Written for the Graphic.

Herbert Thornton;

—OR—

"TRIED AS BY FIRE."

BY W. MAXWELL.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.

The disorderly mob that was pressing forward to take Herbert from the platform fell back and slunk away as they saw that the new influx of farmers in the audience had largely outnumbered them.

Little Timkins, editor of the *Bugle*, and secretary of the meeting, seemed to shrink several inches in stature, while his hand shook and trembled to such an extent that we fear the minutes he kept were scarcely legible. We presume they were not decipherable from the fact that the next issue of the Weekly *Bugle* did not contain them.

Neither did chairman Mudge seem to enjoy the new order of things, and great drops of perspiration stood on the ample forehead of that venerable man, in spite of the frequent moppings he gave it with his red bandanna.

"I presume we may venture to excuse these excellent gentlemen from further services as chairman and secretary of this meeting," said Herbert turning toward Judge Mudge and Timkins

Neither of the two worthies needed further hint or invitation to vacate their positions.

"I move that Deacon Chadwell act as chairman."

Herbert put the motion and it was carried with a shout of approval. Some one suggested Herbert for secretary, but Herbert declined, and in turn placed his friend Jake Long in nomination, and he was selected to fill the seat vacated by Timkins.

Resolutions were introduced and carried with much enthusiasm, pledging loyalty to the government at every hazard.

Then came the speeches. What is an American assemblage without the inevitable speeches? We are pre-eminently a speech making people.

Among those who did not leave the house was the long, lank lawyer, Col. Forrister. Evidently that gentleman's mind had received some new light since his speech of the forenoon. At all events the speech he made was as radical as his former had been noncommittal. There was a smile on the faces of some of his auditors, but they cheered him heartily. Other speakers were called and made stirring and patriotic appeals. Hopkinsville had never had such a throng before, and the crowd outside took up the enthusiasm and re-echoed the applause Loud calls were made for Herbert Thornton. Herbert came forward, excused himself from making another speech and then drawing another paper from his pocket added:

"Fellow citizens, and friends of Liberty, the time for mere speech making and resolutions has passed. Men of action are now demanded by the exigencies of the hour. Let me read you the following: Herbert then read the President's proclamation calling for troops to suppress the revolt and to re-establish the national authority in the seceeding states. "Now fellow citizens, I move that a list be opened for volunteers and desire to enroll my name.

The vote was never taken, for scores of men in all parts of the audience arose to their feet with cheers, and clamored to be placed at once on the list. Soon a similar list was in circulation outside and before nightfall fully three companies of a hundred each were enrolled.

Deacon Chadwell was selected as the captain of one company; the gallant Virginian, Major Johnson, of another; and Herbert, notwithstanding his modest reluctance was chosen captain of the third company.

The result of this meeting was a death blow to the pretensions of the southern sympathisers in Hopkinville. Henceforth they were in the minority and dared work only in the dark.

It is not our purpose to further trace the doings of this little village. Soon Herbert and the gallant men under him were called to a wider field of action. Neither is it necessary to trace the life in camp, the drill, the weary months of waiting, or how the war dragged its slow length along, with its sickening defeats of the first two years, its long and fruitless marches. its skirmishes, its lights and shadows. These things are written in the hearts and stored up in the memories of thousands, while other thousands carry with them constant reminders, in the shape of aching bodies, broken health or disabled limbs to remind them, even if the world forget, those days. Yet one who has passed through it, would scarcely wish to forget it all. The very trials and hardships undergone, the hair breadth escapes, by flood and field, the miseries even of camp life, through the haze of distance, take on a halo of enchantment.

The first year of service by the 14th regiment, to which the three companies raised at Hopkinsville was assigned, was spent in the petty warfare of the border, and while there was neither glory or fame to be gained, it was a splendid school for the young soldier, so that when the 14th received marching orders to join the —— corpse it was no longer a mob of ill trained raw recruits; but a bronzed and hardy regiment of soldierly men, inured to camp life and no longer strangers to the smell of gun-powder, or likely to be stampeded by the sound of musketry or the "whir" of bullets.

Herbert himself has changed. No longer a smooth faced youth, but tanned and bearded he stands, tall, erect, and soldierly. His most intimate school-mate of three years ago, would scarcely recognized him, except by the clear, kindly eyes, which have not changed or grown older. Herbert has risen in rank and now sports a majors strap's upon his shoulders, But he is still the idol of the camp, and as popular as ever with the hardy men who followed him into the field.

Once more Herbert finds himself afloat on the broad bosom of the Mississippi, and as he paces the hurricane deck of the huge steamer his mind wanders back to the memories of the past, and there is a tinge of sadness as he thinks of the loved ones he is leaving still further away. He is joined by Captain Johnson, the Virginian, whose acquaintance he had formed under such peculiar circumstances on board another steamer on this same river. It is a beautiful moonlight night and as the paddles of the steamer beat the water into foam and spray, it sparkles like diamonds and leaves a wide awake of tossing, billowy light far behind.

The two men pace silently back and forth for a time, each intent on the scene.

"I was thinking Major, of that evening you helped me clean out those gamblers."

"So was I," laughed Herbert in reply.

"I was a doosid fool in those days," continued the Virginian. "If that occurrence had not taken place I presume I should have been eating parched corn and wearing "butternut" along with the balance of my kith and kin."

"I can't see, Capt. Johnson, how that changed your mind."

"Wall, I'll tell you; first I had imagined that all yankees talked through their noses, and were a cowardly, whining, canting set of money grubbers, and that they had neither manly courage or principle. To tell you the truth, Major Thornton, I was intensely ignorant myself. When I met you and formed your acquaintance I said to myself, here is at least one yankee that seems to be a gentleman, and when you pitched into those gamblers that were about to get the better of me, I found that personal courage was another thing of which we southern men did not hold the monopoly. But that wasn't all, when I saw the disgust you could not conceal at at our pet institution, and the fact that my own bad habits such as swearing, gambling and drinking, were repulsive in your eyes, it set me to thinking. It dawned upon me that there might be other tests of gentlemanliness than those to which I had been accustomed. In other words, my eyes were open at last to the fact that much of my boasted "aristocracy" was sham, and partly barbarous. As true as I am a Virginian."

Herbert laughed. "Excuse me Captain, but I see you still carry the old habit about with you yet. Can't we be something more than mere Kentuckians, Virginians or Ohioans?"

"Yes, Major, I stand corrected. As I was about to say, at last it dawned upon me that the broader title of an American freeman was far grander and nobler than the petty provincialism which cannot look beyond state lines, or recognize true manliness wherever found."

CHAPTER XVII.

SAM WILKINS UNBURDENS HIS MIND.

"I can't help worrying."

"Why, Sam, what is the matter. Have you bad news this morning?"

"Worse nor that, Miss Alice—worse nor that. They say no news is good news, but dog my cats if I can see it in that illumination."

"Do tell me, Sam, what it is."

"I was just thinking and wondering, this morning, of Herbert Thornton."

"Herbert Thornton," exclaimed Alice, her cheek paling. "What about Herbert—I mean Mr. Thornton?"

Sam glanced keenly at Alice with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes, as much as to say "Ah ha! Miss Alice, I caught you off your guard."

It was generally Sam Wilkins who drove the Colonel's carriage for Alice, and although he went in the nominal capacity of a driver, neither Alice or the Colonel ever looked upon him as a servant. His was purely a labor of love and had the thought for a moment that he was considered as acting in any other capacity than that of an humble friend, that would have been the end of Sam's sojourn with the Colonel's family. His services were accepted in the spirit they were intended and so Alree never for a moment dreamed of checking his familiar ways.

"That's the trouble, Miss Alice. I can't hear "hide nor hair" of Herbert since we came to Washington. Ye see I sort of promised his mother when she married and moved away, that I'd keep an eye on Herbert—you know he was always a favorite o' mine when he was a litfle feller, and many and many's the time he's met the li[illegible] stage way out on the ro[illegible] when I was drivin', just to ride in."

"I allers kind o' hoped, Miss Alice," continued Sam, "that you and Herbert would "hitch" some day—— But say!" Suddenly changing the subject, "Mebby you can tell me what has become of the boy."

"Indeed, Sam, I don't know. Neither have I or my father, or any of us heard from him since we left Bartonville."

Sam whistled softly to himself for a few moments and then added: "Well, that is a mystery."

Sam drove on in silence for a long time.

"Say, Miss Alice?"

"Well, what is it?"

"You and Herbert haven't quarreled have you?"

"What a question!"

"Have you?"

"No! Why?"

"I was just thinking something of that kind might have happened. Young folks are very foolish sometimes. They get "miffed" over some little trifle, or let their pride get the start of 'em or some misunderstandin' sets them a driftin' apart and circumstances conspire—conspire, yes that's it—and they both suffer, but don't let on till it's too late."

"You speak as if you knew by experience," replied Alice, half laughing, then bit her lips. It was a thoughtless remark and Alice was sorry for it in a moment.

"Yes I do speak as you say, Miss Alice. from experience—bitter experience; a little jealous pride, a little misunderstanding, a little meddling by officious busybodies forty year ago, Miss Alice, is what makes Sam a lonely, homeless, no account nobody today."

"Pardon me, Sam, I was rude," said Alice, the quick tears of sympathy coming to her eyes

"Nothing to pardon, Miss Alice. It's only the truth."

Again there was a silence. It was nearly time the horses were turned toward home. It was Alice that broke the silence this time

"Sam!"

"Well, Miss Alice."

"Do you think you could find out where he—where Herbert is?"

"I intend to commence trying this very day. If I only knew his mother's address I could write to her, perhaps she might know."

"How stupid I have been. Of course papa knows her address, for he had business with her after she left I never thought of asking him."

When Alice returned from her ride she lost no time in writing to Herbert's mother. Sam also sent of a lengthy epistle.

Alice never saw her old admirer, De Bionville, alias Hewitt, after his unceremonious expulsion from her father's house by Sam Wilkins, except once. That was on inauguration day, just after the impressive ceremony of administering the oath of office had taken place. There was a sudden commotion in the crowd, caused by the attempt of a young man to break through the line of guards around the platform in front of the capitol. He was promptly arrested, and arms being found concealed upon his person, was given in charge of two policemen to convey him away to prison. As the surging crowd separated, Alice who was seated in her father's carriage recognized the face of her former suitor. His face was haggard and his clothing torn and dishevled. The paper next morning contained a brief paragraph of the occurrence, with the added intelligence that the prisoner had mysteriously escaped during the night.

These lengthening chapters amonish us that we must hasten our story to its close. These busy weeks of life were so crowded with events at the capital, that men and women lived the experiences, and the emotions of an ordinary life time. The clang of arms, the steady tramp, tramp of marching columns; the alarms; the rumors; all crowded the busy moments, and sent the blood though the veins with feverish haste. Roland had enlisted in a corps of engineers at the first call of the president; Harry Olifant, still a frequent visitor at the Thorntons, now sports a lieutenant's uniform. Alice's father in command of a brigade is no longer Colonel, but General Sanford.

Harry Olifant, had delicacy and discernment enough to see that he did not prosper in his suit as a lover, however highly he might stand in Alice's esteem as a friend.

Roland and Octavia were to be married in the fall, "when the war was over." Little did they think of the few long years of strife, and battle yet to come. It was only going to be a breakfast spell—ninety days would see the end, and the president was censured for calling out such an enormous army —seventy-five thousand men—for such a little job. Before the end came it required ten times that number, and the heart grew sick with the watching and waiting.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Remarkable Dog Story.

A Chase's Mills letter to the Boston *Globe* says that before the thaw Mark Sampson lost his dog Shep. Shep was last seen playing with Sampson's other dog Spot on the crust on Bennett's hill. Spot came home, but Shep could not be found. Mark made inquiry of every man and boy he met, but could hear nothing of the lost dog. He traveled three days on snow-shoes, but could not hear a word from Shep. One night, coming home late, hungry and tired, after hours of unsuccessful searching, he threw himself on the bed, and during the sleep that followed Mark dreamed the dog was in V. P. Bennett's old abandoned well. He dreamed the same dream twice. Mark had no faith in dreams, but to please his wife he went and looked down in the well. In the blackness he could see two stars. The well was thirty feet deep and dry. He spoke to the dog, and he could see the two stars moving round. He could hear no voice but knew the two stars in the bottom of the well were Shep's two eyes. Then Mark cried: "Dog in the well!" three times. Mark is not low-spoken in common conversation, and when he yells he makes the hills and woods shake. In less than three minutes a steady stream of boys was seen going up Bennett's hill. A line was brought and George Russell lowered into the well. When George reached the bottom he found Shep tickled almost to death to see him. He had been in the well four days and nights. He wasn't hungry, but was awfully dry. His hunger had been stayed in this remarkable manner. While he was lying at the bottom of the old empty well, Spot was hanging around Mr. Bennett's every morning after breakfast and every evening just after supper when he would always be thrown a liberal amount of food. In the bottom of the well the boy who went down in the bucket was surprised to find a considerable number of bones, and a piece or two of well-preserved meat, which seemingly had been left over from Shep's last meal. The path leading to the well, which Spot had made, completes the story. He had substantially remembered his companion who had had the misfortune to fall in the well.

Geo. Peck on Frank James.

In reading of the acquital of Frank James on the charge of robbery in Tennessee and his arrest and conveyance back to Missouri to be tried for another robbery, it occurred to me that this was a pretty good scheme of Mr. James to go around visiting the different States By this arrangement Mr. James can visit the several states as the guest of the government, or the authorities of the states, stand his trial, look about him and enjoy himself, be acquitted, and immediately arrested again and transported to another locality. The only thing I would suggest would be that the government of the state of Missouri, provide a special car for the distinguished traveler, with a cook and a chambermaid, and all the improvements. He could thus put in the later years of his life traveling about and by the time he was vindicated by the courts in all the states where he has committed highway robbery and murder, he could settle down to an honored old age, surrounded by loving friends and tombstones of his victims, and perhaps be elected governor of the state he has made famous by his services as a bold rider and a crack shot. Mr. James seems to have many years of enjoyment before him and he can forever bless the government that protects him, and the state whose people seem so proud of him.

The Golden Rule.

Mabel—"Do you try to observe the golden rule, Mr. Nicefellow?"

Nicefellow—Yes, indeed. Do you?"

Mabel—"Yes; I always try to do as I would be done by."

Nicefellow—"That is the right spirit."

Mabel—But I sometimes fail. If I were to try I should fail now."

Nicefellow—"Indeed. Why?"

Mabel—"I am not tall enought to reach.

Anna Dickinson, whose success on the lecture platform is only exceeded by her failure on the stage, is evidently tired of the fruits of fame and longs for lonesome retirement. During her stay in St. Louis the first part of the week she was as coy and shy as a maiden of bashful sixteen. She was inaccessible to reporters, although they made desperate efforts to see her, and besieged her door in regiemnts. She was so bored, finally, that she refused to take any cards at all, but kept her door locked, and the bell-boys of the hotel amused themselves decorating the door by sticking the paste boards in every crack and crevice until it looked like an advertising panel. Miss Dickinson doesn't care to discuss her stage experiences for the benefit of the public.—*Post Dispatch.*

INTERRUPTING TANK KEE'S CAREER.

The Romance of a Lecturer That Ended in a Prosiac Drunk.

ROCHESTER, April 20.—Tank Kee is the name of a lecturer who, with letters from a well-known Chicago lecture bureau, made arrangements with the First Methodist Church of this city to deliver three lectures here on China and its people. He delivered his first lecture on Wednesday night. He proved to be a white man with no Chinese characteristics, light hair and mustache, and no queue. He claimed to the church people to have been found, when an infant, on the coast of China, where he was abandoned by pirates, and was adopted by Prince Kung, late Prime Minister of China, who gave him a splendid education. He said further, that he came to this country in 1876 as chief interpreter and chancellor of the exchequer of the Chinese Legation, which position he has since held. Poor health, he stated, gave him a furlough, and he had been lecturing and traveling for his health and to make money. His lectures on China were exceedingly interesting, but were interspersed with slang. He lectured in English, but speaks Chinese and four other languages fluently. Yesterday Tank Kee went on a spree. He was seen in a state of intoxication last night, and the church directors refused to allow this English Chinaman to lecture at the church to-night. He left town this afternoon. Dispatches from the Chinese Legation at Washington state that they know of no such man as Tank Kee, and denounce him as a fraud. The exposure has caused considerable excitement in church circles and throughout the city.—*New York Tribune.*

The Tank Kee above mentioned is, beyond a doubt, the same Tank Kee who a year or two ago delivered a course of lectures in Kirksville.

Hindoo Bathing Rites.

While, withal, this bathing was an act to promote health and cleanliness, to some, especially the older men, it was a religious and sacred rite. The women bathed and then arrayed themselves in a clean, bright garment; but these old men mingled prayers with their dippings. They sat apart with upturned and rapt faces, repeating sacred hymns from the Vedas.

O waters! give us health, bestow on us
Vigor and strength, so shall we see enjoyment.
Rain down your dewey treasures o'er our path,
Like loving mothers pour on us your blessings.
Make us partake of your sacred essence.
We come to you for cleansing from all guilt;
Cause us to be productive, make us prosper.

While saying this the suppliant sprinkles his head with water. Turning to the east he repeats from the rigveda, "Led us mediate on that excellent glory of the divine Vivifier may He enlighten our understanding." Standing in the water he throws a handful to the sun three times. each time repeating a prayer. He goes through ceremonial and prayer for every part of the body, and to the hand he says: "Homage to the two thumbs. to the two forefingers, to the middle fingers, to the nameless fingers, and to the two palms and to the two backs of the hands." This may appear like childish mummery, but I have never seen more devout and rapt faces than we beheld among these Hindoo idolators on the Granges. Their religion colors every act of their lives. They are the mildest of human beings, but of the majority neither their word nor their honesty can be depended upon, and some of their religious tenets are too shocking to bear recital. The bathing scene is one of the most striking which this earth affords. It is going on daily. and no one can predict its termination. For three miles along the river are palaces and temples. In one place tall minarets show a Mohammedan mosque. Wide flights of steps, called ghauts lead to the water. There is a crowd coming, a crowd dressing, and a crowd going away. They dress in all colors from a bright scarlet to a dirty white. Not the golden temple at Umritser, nor the marble Taj at Agra, nor Shah Jehan's palace at Delhi will make so lasting an impression on the thoughtful mind as these scenes at the ghauts of Benares.—*Correspondence Boston Traveler.*

The Advantage of Being a Married Woman.

"Are you as happy now as you were before you married?" asked Mr. Yeast of young Mrs. Crimsonbeak.

"Yes, indeed," replied the lady; "and a great deal happier."

"That is strange," suggested the philanthropist's wife.

"Not at all strange," came from the young married woman. "You see, before I was married I used to spend half my time worrying about what dress I should wear when Daniel called."

"But don't you try just as hard to look well when your husband returns home at night?" interrupted Mrs. Yeast.

"Well, you see," went on the bride of two summers, "I don't worry any about it now, as I have only one dress to my name."—*Yorkers Gazette.*

If a man wants peace to reign in the household he should count ten before speaking at times when he feels as if his clothes don't fit him. And on days when the kitchen stove doesn't draw he should count 480.—[Middleton Transcript.

Our Very Own.

BY A SELF-CONFESSED EGOTIST.

What can be more beneficient than that dispensation of providence which gives us all so deep an interest in our own concerns? What we do ourselves always posses for us an attraction which no one else's work, be it ever so brilliant, can command. The writer of these lines will look upon them with a fatherly interest, which nothing can justify, save that divine sentiment of appreciation for our own with which we are all imbued. He will turn forthwith this present page and read it appreciatively from beginning to end, noting every typographical error and recognizing with a shade of irritation, the places where the editorial pruning knife has left its marks.

Others may, perhaps read it, but to none of them will it seem to be surrounded with the halo which it wears in the author's eyes. The only other mortals for whom it has a personal interest will be the compositors who set it up, and they will look at it merely with a professional eye, each fascinating himself on the even spacing and the ingenious way, perhaps in which he avoided an awkward division of a word at the end of a line. The editor who read it in manuscript will never look at it in type, if he can help it. He will turn to his own paragraphs and find in them solace that is a just reward. I fancy every one who has put pen to paper in the production of this number of *The Hour* will turn to his own work. He may not think it better than the rest, but it is his very own, and for him it has a fascinations. Then there is the printer, who will turn over the leaves and think that his part of the work is conspicuously meritorious. The man who furnished the ink will admire its glossy blackness. The paper maker will rub a leaf between his forefinger and thumb, and hold it admiringly up to the light, to note its texture. The advertising agent will contemplate his own peculiar pages with something like affection, and each individual advertiser when he receives it will think that his own peculiar lines, squares or pages ought to catch the eye of the public, even if nothing else in the edition is so much as glanced at. Such are some of the personal interests that go to the making up of a single publication. They are referred to here because they are nearest at hand. All the interests of life, however, afford parallel instances.—*The Hour.*

Northeast Missouri.

A correspondent of the Toledo Blade has the following to say about North East Missouri:

During the Winter just past having seen inquiries concerning locations in the West and having seen no satisfactory replies, I will, for the benefit of the readers of the Blade, give them a description of this part of Missouri, and if any there be that think of changing their present locations, it may aid them in finding good homes.

I particularly refer to the Northeastern Counties of the State: The climate is desirable, the soil variable; the goodly quanity of timber, useful for lumber, posts, rails and firewood. As the railroads in almost all States follow the most level tracts, you must take this in consideration, too. Away from them several miles you will find some of the most beautiful lands in America—very productive for all kinds of grain suitable to the climate, while for clover, timothy and blue grass it cannot be excelled anywhere. As for fruit it is very good, and apples are in abundance, as fine in appearance and quality as any east the Rocky Mountains.

The winds, so disagreeable to everybody on the Western prairies, are held in check here by the timber, and it is no more windy than Ohio or Indiana; nor does it suffer from drougths or plagues of any kind.

You will here find the people hospitable, genteel and refined, supporting good schools and churches of different denominations. There are also numerous private schools where pupils can be fitted for college. The State Normal School is situated at Kirksville, in Adair County. For years past the State has had an unpleasant reputation in the minds of Northern people, but a slight investigation dispels it, and for society, good order, political freedom and other things you cannot tell the difference between the older free States.

A College Man Who Was Misinformed

(Lancaster Intelligencer.)

Mr. Edwin Twitmeyer, of Franklin and Marshall college, who is the editor of the *College Student*, the official paper of the institution, heard some time ago that Robert J. Burdette, the famous humorist of the Burlington *Hawk-Eye* was an alumnus of Franklin and Marshall. Mr. Twitmeyer recently directed an inquiry to him whether he was "a Franklin and Marshall man." To this he received a prompt reply in Bob's characteristic vein:

MY DEAR EDWIN: No, I never was a Franklin and Marshall man. I am for Blaine and Lincoln. Ever yours,
ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Ardmore, Pa., April 12, 1884.

Let the hairy-headed citizen display his charms and speak with sneers and ridicule of his less favored brother, but let him remember meanwhile that the proud emblem of our glorious country is a bald eagle.—[Boston Globe.